THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF

APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED

To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,
and inculcate VIRTUE, in

THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,

From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

VOL. I

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PREFACE.

THIS work enjoys the double benefit of pleasing children, and alluring them to virtue, by describing it to their imagination no less lovely than, in fact, it is. Instead of those wild fictions of the Wonderful, in which their understanding is too commonly bewilder'd, they will here see only what occurs or may occur within the limits of their families. The sentiments

timents with which the work abounds, are not above the level of their comprehenſion. It introduces them, accompanied by none, except their parents, the companions of their paſtimes, the domeſtics that ſurround them, or the animals they are accuſtomed to behold. 'Tis in their own ingenuous language, they expreſs themſelves: And, intereſted in the ſeveral events the work deſcribes, they are directed by the impulſe of their little paſſions. They are puniſh'd when they happen to do wrong, and

find a recompence reſulting from their commendable actions. Every thing concurs to lead them on to virtue, as their happineſs, and give them a diſtaſte of vice, by repreſenting it a ſource of ſorrow and humiliation.

'Tis unneceſſary to obſerve, the work is equally intended for the profit and amuſement of both ſexes. In the time of infancy, our taſte and diſpoſitions are not ſo diſcriminated as to need a different treatment: and beſides it brings them into one another's company as frequently as practicable, ſo as to produce that unity

and intimacy, parents love to ſee ſubſiſting in the boſoms of their children for each other.

Variety is happily kept up throughout this work. There is not any ſtory, dialogue, or drama, whoſe effects have not been firſt of all made trial of on children of an age and underſtanding more or leſs advanced, and every circumſtance expunged that did not ſeem to intereſt them, as the author meant it ſhould.

In every volume of the work, there is a little moral drama, ſuited to young minds, in which,

the characters are generally children: therefore by performing them, the little actors may betimes acquire a ſteady countenance, an eaſy carriage, and the mode of ſpeaking to ſuch companies as children often have occaſion to frequent. Beſides, in the performance of theſe dramas, they will find a ſource of rational amuſement, and the parents, having conſtantly ſome character to play therein, will have the ſatisfaction of partaking in the paſtimes of their little family; while both experience an additional connec-

tion in the pleaſure felt on one hand, and the gratitude evinced upon the other.

Independent of the moral uſe to which this work is applicable, we may ſafely ſay, no book is half ſo likely to become a proper reading book for children. Of the Holy Scriptures, nothing need be ſaid: their general unfitneſs for the infant underſtanding is acknowledg'd; and of other books, applied to ſuch a purpoſe, if they are not of a kind ſo trifling that the buſineſs ſeems to ſink them into fools before they undertake to

pleaſe them, much the greater part are far above their comprehenſion, or quite foreign to their little notions and ideas. Every object, on the other hand, preſented them in this performance, being of a kind adapted to excite their curioſity, and intereſt their paſſions, they will neceſſarily grow fond of reading, and purſue the work with ſatisfaction to themſelves, and conſequently with improvement; but particularly when the ſeveral expreſſions, they will ſee are ſuch as they themſelves would have recourſe to, for the purpoſe of de-

ſcribing their enjoyments, wants, and likings.

Thus far Mr. Berquin. The Tranſlator for himſelf, acquaints his readers, that it was not his deſign to give a verbal verſion of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND: throughout the whole, he has endeavour'd to produce a work, more likely to amuſe the riſing generation, than enable them to turn his author's language into their's; and therefore, frequently has deviated from it, ſo that Engliſh ears might not be ſhock'd, or Engliſh manners contradicted. Thoſe, who from experience are

aware how difficult it muſt be to tranſlate from one tongue into another, and keep clear of idioms, will excuſe the faults of ſuch a kind that doubtleſs are in this. To ſuch as have ſo generouſly graced and benefited his performance with their own ſubſcriptions, and procured him the addition of ſo many from among their FRIENDS, he ſcarcely ſtands in need of an apology; and hopes theſe LAST, as well as caſual purchaſers, will be perſuaded no endeavours have on his part been withheld to render the tranſlation as compleat as poſſible. This

intimation being made, he earneſtly entreats his readers to befriend him by augmenting his ſubſcription liſt ſtill further. It depends on them alone, that this attempt to introduce a work ſo happily adapted to employ and pleaſe the riſing world, and train them up in the paths of virtue, ſhould not leſſen the tranſlator's little ſubſtance. He will willingly however give up both his leiſure time, and pains to finiſh it without complaining if it ſhould not add a penny to his ſubſtance, though he utterly diſclaims the

affectation of deſpiſing that emolument his diligence may claim. Upon the other hand, he puts himſelf in Fortune's way, and hopes that ſuch among his friends as proſper in their efforts to promote the intereſts of his publication, will oblige him with the name and reſidence of thoſe ſubſcribers they may condeſcendingly procure; and not conſider it a trifling ſervice, ſhould no more than one ſubſcription gained him mark the wiſh and zeal of any ſingle individual to aſſiſt the circulation of his book. In any

caſe, he humbly hopes his friends will ſend their meſſages or letters to him, at the printing Office of DENEW & GRANT, at No. 91, in *Wardour-Street, Soho.*

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THE

LITTLE BROTHER.

FANNY Warrington was up betimes one morning, to go out attended by her nurſe, that ſhe might gather flowers, and make a bough-pot for her dear Mama, who then was very ill a-bed.

She was, it ſeems, juſt ready to go down, when Mr. Warrington, her father, with a ſmile upon his countenance came in. He took the little girl affectionately in his arms, and

bidding her good morrow, added, come with me, and you ſhall ſoon ſee ſomething you'll be pleaſed with!

Shall I, anſwered Fanny, and what is it?

Why, my dear, ſaid Mr. Warrington, this morning God has ſent you a fine little brother.

What! a little brother! let me ſee him. Carry me this minute to him, ſaid the little Fanny.

That I will, replied her father; and by this time, he had got to Mrs. Warrington's apartment; ſo that *in* he went, as ſoftly as he could, with Fanny.

There was ſitting by the bed a woman ſhe had never ſeen, and who

was wrapping up the new-born infant.

Fanny ask'd a hundred queſtions. Mr. Warrington replied to every one as well as he was able, and ſuppos'd he had by this time ſatisfied the child, when ſhe began again. And who Papa, ſaid ſhe, is that old woman? Only ſee how tight ſhe binds my brother round the middle! Won't ſhe hurt him?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

No, no, Fanny, don't you be uneaſy. She's a very good old woman. We have ſent to have her here, and ſhe'll be very careful of him.

FANNY.

But Papa then, isn't he Mama's? and has ſhe ſeen him?

Mrs. WARRINGTON, *(opening the curtain a little.)*

Yes, my dear, I have. And you, my little Fanny, are you very glad to ſee him?

FANNY.

That I am indeed; and think he'll be a mighty pretty play mate. What a funny face he has! All red, as if he had been running! Won't you let him play, Papa, a little with me?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

He can't ſtand upon his legs; for only ſee, how weak they are.

FANNY.

My ſtars! how ſmall! and then, what tiny feet! I ſee, he won't be able this long while to run acroſs the parlour with me! Mr. WAR-

Mr. WARRINGTON.

True; and therefore you muſt have a deal of patience. In the firſt place, he muſt learn to walk, and then we'll let you play your tricks together on the carpet.

FANNY.

Will you?—Pretty little fellow! I muſt give you ſomething I believe to make you love me.—I've a puzzle in my pocket.—Yes.—Here take it.—Well! and what's the matter pray?—Papa!—the little ape won't have it!—Look! he keeps his hands both ſhut.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

He does; becauſe he don't know how to uſe them; neither will he, many weeks to come.

FANNY.

Well then my little man, when you can uſe your hands, I'll give you all my play-things. — Does that pleaſe you? — Anſwer me.—I think, he ſmiles. Pray, don't he?—Call me Fanny.—Won't you ſpeak?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

He'll not know how to ſpeak theſe two years. But do you, my dear, take care and not diſturb Mama with talking.

FANNY.

Oh! I'll be quite ſilent. But obſerve Papa; ſee how his face is changing! — He begins to cry. — He's ſurely hungry.—Stay a little. I'll go fetch you ſomething nice.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Don't you concern yourſelf about his victuals. He's without a ſingle tooth. He cannot eat.

FANNY.

Not eat! and how is he to live then? will he die, papa?

Mrs. WARRINGTON.

No, no, my child; for God has given me milk enough to ſatisfy him. He is very weak at preſent; but you'll ſee him different ſhortly, when he rolls about before you, like a little lamb.

FANNY.

I ſhall be glad, Mama, to ſee him do ſo! but Papa, take notice what a

whee, whee head!—I'm quite afraid to touch it.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

You *may* touch it! but extremely gently.

FANNY.

Oh yes; extremely gently.—Lack-a-day! how ſoft! 'tis like a ball of cotton!

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Every little baby's head, is like your brother's.

FANNY.

Should he fall, Papa, 'twould break into a dozen pieces.

Mrs. WARRINGTON.

So it would: but we ſhall all be very careful how we hold him, and prevent his falling.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Yes indeed. But do you know, my Fanny, you were like your brother five years back?

FANNY.

Like him! What juſt as he is now! you muſt be joking!

Mr. WARRINGTON.

No, no, Fanny: nothing can be truer.

FANNY.

If I was, I don't remember any thing about it.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

I believe ſo. Do you recollect my papering this chamber?

FANNY.

It has always been the ſame it is at preſent.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Not at all. I paper'd it when you were juſt as little as your brother.

FANNY.

I remember nothing of it.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

No; for little babies never can remember any thing that's done about them. When your brother is as old as you are, aſk him if he recollects you bade him call you Fanny. You will hear, his anſwer will be *no*.

FANNY.

And did Mama then give *me* milk too?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Doubtleſs. If you did but know, my deareſt Fanny, how much trouble you occaſion'd her, you'd be aſ-

toniſh'd; for at firſt, you were ſo weak, you could not ſwallow any thing, and every day, we apprehended you would die. Your mother frequently would ſay, My poor dear child! if ſhe ſhould fall into a fit! and then, ſhe took a deal of pains indeed to make you ſuck a drop of milk.

FANNY.

What then, my dear Mama, you taught me how to feed myſelf?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

She did; and after ſhe had once found means to make you ſuck, you ſoon became quite fat, and were the merrieſt little creature in the world. For two whole years, 'twas neceſſary every day and every minute of the day, ſhe ſhould attend you with the

ſame degree of care and caution. Often, after ſhe had dropt aſleep thro' abſolute fatigue, your crying would awake her. She would then get out of bed and haſten to your cradle. Fanny! my ſweet Fanny! would ſhe ſay, no doubt my pretty babe is dry; and put you to the breaſt.

FANNY.

But was my head then like my brother's? quite as ſoft?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Quite ſo.

FANNY.

What mine! and now ſo hard! I wonder how I kept it whole.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

You would have often hurt it, had not your mama been always on the watch.

At firſt, ſhe gave up every pleaſure and kept quite away from company, that ſhe might have you always in her ſight. Whenever buſineſs of the houſe compell'd her to go out, ſhe was uneaſy till come back. Good Gertrude, (Gertrude was your nurſe's name,) my dear good woman, ſhe would ſay, take care of Fanny juſt as if ſhe were your own; and then, ſhe would be always giving Gertrude ſome good thing or other, to encourage her in taking care of Fanny.

FANNY.

Ah! my good Mama!—But was there ever, pray, a time I could not run? I run quite faſt at preſent!—See Papa, how ſoon I'm got acroſs the room! who taught me this?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Your mother and myſelf. We had before hand put a bandage round your head: 'twas made of velvet and ſtuff'd full of horſe-hair; ſo that if you fell, you would not break your little noſe. You were provided too behind with leading ſtrings, by which the nurſe aſſiſted your firſt ſteps. We went ourſelves too, every afternoon into the garden with you; and when got upon the lawn, we ſtood juſt oppoſite each other, and you Fanny, all alone between us. We held out our arms, and bade you run as well as you were able, firſt to one, then t'other. At the leaſt falſe ſtep you made, our blood would inſtantly turn cold. And thus,

by frequent exercise, at last we taught you how to walk.

FANNY.

I could have never thought I gave you so much trouble. It was you then taught me likewise how to speak?

Mr. WARRINGTON.

It was indeed. I took you on my knee, and then repeated frequently the words *Papa*, *Mama*, till you could sound them tolerably well. Whatever words you can pronounce at present, it was we that taught you how to do; and by pursuing the same method.—Now yourself must recollect, dear Fanny, we instructed you to read.

FANNY.

O yes, Papa, I promise you I do.

You ſet me up at table, I remember very well, between you both; and when the dinner was remov'd, the ſervant brought us in a plate of raiſins or ſome other nice, nice thing, and with it, ſeveral ſweet-meat ſquares and letters mark'd upon them. Whe I could repeat what any letter was you let me eat it, with a raiſin too int the bargain. O Papa, it was a ver pretty game indeed!

Mr. WARRINGTON.

But if we had not taken all th care about you, had we left you yourſelf,—there, think of that,—wh would in that caſe have become, m little Fanny, of you?

FANNY.

I ſhould certainly have long beſo

his time been dead. O what a good Papa, and good Mama you have been to me!

Mr. WARRINGTON.

And yet, Fanny, ſometimes you will grieve your good papa, and ſometimes diſobey your good mama! Yes Fanny, ſome times you do both.

FANNY.

Papa, mama, forgive me. I will never grieve or diſobey you for the time to come. I did not know how much you had done for me.

Mr. WARRINGTON.

Mark what care and kindneſs we ſhall ſhow your brother, and then whiſper to yourſelf, "and I too have been

ſhown the ſame degree of care and kindneſs."

This affecting converſation made a deep impreſſion upon Fanny; and when afterward ſhe ſaw with what affection her Mama attended on the little baby, with how much anxiety ſhe nurs'd it, how untiringly ſhe gave it food, how much it's cries alarm'd her, with what ardour her Papa aſſiſted her, enduring more a great deal than his ſhare of Mrs. Warrington's attention; and how both were in the ſequel equally ſolicitous to teach the infant how to ſpeak and walk, ſhe would addreſs herſelf as follows: My dear parents have gone through the ſame for me! And this reflection

fill'd her with ſuch real love and gratitude, that ſhe perform'd the promiſe ſhe had made them, as juſt mention'd, and at no time after, gave them willingly the leaſt uneaſineſs.

EVERY THING

GOD SENDS IS GOOD.

WHAT ſhould n't I be glad to part with, would but winter laſt for ever! ſaid the young Fabricius, once upon a time, while in his father's garden he was making ſnow-balls.

Mr. Rivers overheard his ſon, and thus addreſs'd him: 'Tis indeed a very healthful ſeaſon; but Fabricius

will you put that wiſh of yours on paper? here for inſtance, in my pocket-book?

Willingly replied Fabricius, and that moment did it, trembling, as he wrote, with cold.

The winter paſſed away, and ſpring ſucceeded, when Fabricius and his father went to take a walk in certain public gardens, and obſerved a beautiful collection round about them of ranunculuſſes, hyacinths, and polyanthuſſes. They were tranſported with the odour of the flowers, and brightneſs of their colours.

Theſe, ſaid Mr. Rivers, are the produce of the ſpring. They are indeed extremely beautiful; but yet,

of ſhort duration. Ah! remarked Fabricius, I could wiſh it were continually ſpring.

Will you, ſaid Mr. Rivers, write this wiſh, Fabricius, in my pocket-book? Fabricius did ſo, leaping all the while with joy.

The ſpring was followed very ſoon by ſummer.

Our young man ſet out to take a walk with ſome of his relations and companions one fine day; and was to ſtop for dinner in a village.

A variety of objects roſe on every ſide in their excurſion. Fields of corn, at one time, which were waving with the breeze; and verdant meadows, at another, varied with a thouſand flowers. They ſaw

one part of the country, many innocent young lambkins, friſking round about their mothers, and a multitude of colts, all trotting this and that way, in another. They eat plenteouſly of cherries, plumbs, and other fruits in ſeaſon: and the children paſs'd their time, beſides, at cricket in the fields, and twenty ſuch diverſions.

Is it not, ſaid Mr. Rivers to Fabricius, while returning from the village, very true that ſummer has its pleaſures? O, rejoin'd Fabricius, I ſhould like to have it always ſummer; and at Mr. Rivers's requeſt, he wrote that likewiſe in the pocket-book.

And Autumn came at laſt.

The family of Mr. Rivers had re-

ceiv'd an invitation from a gentleman to ſpend a fortnight at his villa: it was harveſt time, and conſequently not ſo hot, at it had been in Summer. The air was perfectly ſerene: the vine trees in the gentleman's extenſive garden, were aſtoniſhingly loaded with delicious grapes, ſome abſolutely black, and others of a golden yellow, while the branches of the other trees bent down beneath the burthen of *their* fruits.

This was a charming proſpect for Fabricius, who lov'd nothing half ſo much as grapes and apples. And to heighten ſtill his entertainment, he enjoyed the additional delight of gathering them himſelf.

This beauteous ſeaſon of the year,

ſaid Mr. Rivers to Fabricius, will be quickly gone. The winter will be ſoon upon us, and take place of Autumn.

Yes, indeed return'd Fabricius: therefore, I could wiſh it would ſtop ſhort before it reach'd us, and not baniſh Autumn.

Mr. Rivers.

And would that delight you much, Fabricius?

Fabricius.

Yes, yes, very much, Papa; you may be certain.

But replied the father, taking out his pocket-book, and opening it, look here, and tell me what this ſignifies. Read out, that I may hear.

FABRICIUS *(reading.)*

What ſhould n't I be glad to part with, would but winter laſt for ever!

Mr. RIVERS.

In the next place, let us read a little further on. What's here, Fabricius?

FABRICIUS *(reading.)*

I could wiſh it were continually Spring!

Mr. RIVERS.

And here too?

FABRICIUS *(reading.)*

I ſhould like to have it always Summer!

Mr. RIVERS.

Very good: and can you tell, who wrote what you have read juſt now?

FABRICIUS.

Yes, very well, Papa: 'twas I.

Mr. RIVERS.

And what, Fabricius, was your wiſh juſt now?

FABRICIUS.

That winter would ſtop ſhort, before it reached us, and not baniſh Autumn.

Mr. RIVERS.

This is ſingular enough! in winter, you were tempted to deſire it might be always winter. When the Spring appeared, you wiſh'd it might be always Spring: in Summer, always Summer: and in Autumn, always Autumn. Do you know, what conſequence reſults from theſe four wiſhes?

FABRICIUS.

That the ſeaſons of the year are all delightful.

Mr. RIVERS.

Right: all rich in pleaſure, and abundance. Since God's providence knows better how to regulate the courſe of nature than mankind, their underſtandings being as they are ſo narrow, every thing he ſends is good.

If it had any way depended upon you laſt winter, we ſhould then have had, I fancy, neither ſpring nor ſummer, nor yet autumn. You would certainly have kept the earth quite cover'd over, as it then appear'd, and had no other ſatisfaction in the world than that of making ſnow-balls. And if ſo, of what innumerable plea-

ſures and enjoyments wouldn't you have been depriv'd, by ſuch a curious way of ordering matters!

We are happy that it is not in our power to regulate the univerſe; for every thing would then moſt ſurely go to ruin, and of courſe, all human happineſs be loſt, if our raſh wiſhes ſhould be indiſcriminately granted.

HOW GLORIOUS

TO RESEMBLE GOD!

AFTER many flattering but deceitful promiſes of milder weather, ſpring at laſt appeared. A gentle breeze began to warm the air; the ſnow gave way; the graſs ſprung up, and flowers ſhot forth. The muſic of the birds was once again renew'd. A little girl, we mean to call Clarinda, was already gone to take a walk, attended by her governeſs. She heard the firſt faint warbling of the chaffinch, and obſerv'd the earlieſt violet. But

three or four days after, came an unexpected change; when, all at once, a nipping north-east wind began to blow, that whistled through the forest, and again choak'd up the ways with snow. Clarinda could not stir abroad: but, when she went to bed, remembering the instructions of her careful father, gave God thanks that she enjoy'd so warm a covering from the tempest.

When she rose next morning, every thing was white about the dwelling. There had fallen in the night so great a quantity of snow, that travellers in the public road were up at least above their ancles in it.

Poor Clarinda was afflicted at the sight: the little birds appeared much

more ſo; for the ground, as I have ſaid already, being cover'd to ſo great a depth, they could not find the ſmalleſt grain or worm for their ſubſiſtence.

All the feather'd people of the foreſt therefore flew for ſhelter to the different towns and villages. Innumerable ſparrows, larks and linnets, flutter'd in the ſtreet and yards before the houſes, and with claws and beak ſcratch'd deep into whatever rubbiſh they could light on, to procure their food.

There came a number of theſe gueſts into Clarinda's court yard, where ſhe ſaw them, and oppreſs'd with ſorrow, went into her father's chamber. What's the matter, child, ſaid

he? Ah dear Papa, replied Clarinda, there they are dispers'd about the yard, the pretty little birds that sung so joyfully two days ago. They seem quite numb'd with cold, and are in want of victuals. Will you let me feed them?

Very willingly, my dear, returned the father; and Clarinda wanted nothing else. She put her hand into her governess's, and away ran both immediately acrofs the road way, tow'rds the granary, where Clarinda fill'd her hands with hemp-feed, and that inftant, coming back into the courtyard, flung it round about her on the ground. The little birds flew eagerly to pick it up, for they were very hungry; while Clarinda, with

the greateſt joy, beheld them, and her parents at the window ſhar'd the pleaſure with her.

But the bounty of the little child was very ſoon exhauſted The poor birds then flew upon the roof, and ey'd Clarinda in a melancholy manner, juſt as if they would have ſaid Clarinda, have you nothing more to give us.

And Clarinda underſtood their language. She ſet off a ſecond time, and ran like lightning to the granary to fetch more ſeed; but ſcarce had ſhe got half way over, when ſhe met a little boy, whoſe heart was not ſo generous and compaſſionate by half as her's. The boy was carrying on his head a cage quite full of birds, and

he went along, he ſhook it with ſuch violence, that every moment, the poor little creatures ſtruck their heads againſt the wires.

So rough a treatment of them gave Clarinda pain. And what do you intend to do with ſuch a quantity of birds, ſaid ſhe?—Do, Miſs? I can't tell what at preſent, anſwer'd he, but I ſhall ſell as many as I can; and give the reſt for ſupper to my cat.

Your cat! replied Clarinda: wicked boy! your cat! Yes Miſs, my cat: and they'll not be the firſt ſhe has already ſcronch'd to death, ſaid he; and after ſtanding ſtill a little, poſted on again, that he might reach the market, and exchange his birds for money: but Clarinda once more

ſtopp'd him, aſking how much he demanded for the whole?

A farthing each, replied the boy, and there are eighteen in the cage.

Well then, returned Clarinda, I'll agree to buy them: ſo ſhe bid him follow her; and entering her Papa's apartment, aſk'd his leave to do ſo.

Very willingly, replied this laſt; and what's ſtill more, he gave Clarinda an apartment to receive and lodge the little creatures: while the bird-boy went away exceedingly contented with his bargain, and told all his comrades, that in ſuch a ſtreet, there liv'd a little lady, who would buy up all their birds.

Of courſe, in hardly more than half a dozen

a dozen hours, there came so many little peasants to Clarinda's house, and stood before the door, that any person would have naturally fancied it the entrance to a market. They all got about her, jumping one above the other, with their cages held up in both hands, and eager every one to have the preference.

Clarinda bought them all without distinction, and that moment had them put into her room, together with the nest.

Night came. She had not gone to bed a long time so content as then. Am I not very happy, said she to herself, in having sav'd so many harmless creatures' lives, and being

able to ſupply them with ſufficien knew food? When ſummer comes, I'll g into into the fields and woods, when a could my pretty little gueſts will ſing thei Shou ſweeteſt ſongs, to thank me for m days, kindneſs. With this thought ſhe fe the u aſleep, and dreamt that ſhe was go boys into a foreſt of the talleſt trees, a s I crowded with a multitude of birds th remain hopp'd among the branches, whi o ſave they ſung to one another, or attend Full on their young. The little g rew o dreamt this, and ſmil'd while ſlee now t ing. ad.

She got up betimes next mornin But and repair'd to give her gueſts, n urprize only in the chamber but the ya han ſhe their breakfaſt. She was not howe he ope now ſo pleas'd as yeſterday. S

knew what ſum of money ſhe had put into her purſe at firſt, of which there could not be a great deal left her. Should this ſnow continue ſome few days, ſaid ſhe, what will become of the unhappy little birds? The wicked boys will give them to their cats, and as I ſhan't have any money then remaining, it will not be in my power to ſave them.

Full of ſo diſtreſſing a reflection, ſhe drew out her purſe, that ſhe might know the exact amount of what ſhe had.

But what was not her pleaſure and ſurprize, to find it ſo much heavier than ſhe thought it could have been! She open'd it, and ſaw 'twas full of

different ſorts of money; ſix-pences, and ſilver three-pences, and pennies, mix'd together up as high as to the very ſtrings. She ran that moment to her father, and with joy and wonder told him of it.

She had hardly finiſh'd, when he took her in his arms, and claſp'd her to his boſom, ſhedding tears of heart-felt pleaſure.

My ſweet child, ſaid he, you never gave me ſo much ſatisfaction as at preſent. Go on then to take compaſſion upon harmleſs little creatures: ſhould you ſee them ſuffering, and no doubt, whenever you have almoſt ſpent your little treaſure in ſuch actions, ſome one will reward your generoſity with more.

What pleaſure for Clarinda was not this! ſhe ran that inſtant up to the apartment with her little apron full of ſeed. The birds came flocking round her, and with wondrous appetite devour'd their breakfaſt. She deſcended then into the yard, and fed the famiſh'd birds there alſo.

She had got by this time upwards of a hundred boarders to provide for. It was ſuch a pleaſure to her! never had her doll or other play-things given her half ſuch ſatisfaction.

In the evening, when ſhe put her hand into the ſeed-bag, ſhe pull'd out a bit of paper, with theſe words upon it: *The inhabitants of the air, O God, look to thee, and thou giveſt them their food: thou openeſt thy hand, and filleſt*

all things living with plenteousness.
Her father, as she found, had follow'd
her. She therefore turned about and
said: It seems then, I am now, Papa,
like God: the little birds fly to me,
and as soon as I have open'd them my
hand, I fill them all with plenteousness.

No doubt my child, replied Cla-
rinda's father, you appear like God
whenever you do any creature good.
And when in time you are become a
woman, you may then assist your fellow
creatures, and be more like God.
And what a happiness for human be-
ings, when they have it in their pow-
er to do what God himself delights to
be employ'd in!

For a week or thereabouts, Clari-
da every day stretch'd out her hand

nd fill'd as many hungry birds as ere about her; when the ſnow at aſt diſſolved, the fields reſum'd their ormer verdure, and the little lady's enſioners who had not left the dwel- ng turn'd their pinions tow'rd the oreſt. But her priſoners ſtill re- ain'd confin'd. They ſaw the ſun, ew every now and then againſt the indow, and were occupied in peck- ng at the glaſs to break it; but in ain; their priſon was too ſtrong for em to force a paſſage, and Clarinda id not know, as yet, the cauſe of eir uneaſineſs.

One day, as ſhe was giving them eir dinner, who ſhould enter the partment but her father! ſhe was

very glad, he wiſh'd to be the witneſs of her pleaſure.

Tell me my good girl, ſaid he, why all theſe little creatures ſeem ſo diſcontented. They appear as if they wanted ſomething. May they not have left behind them in the country thoſe companions they would now be glad to ſee again?

Yes, yes, you're in the right, Papa, rejoin'd Clarinda: they have ſeem uneaſy, ever ſince the ſnow has di appear'd. I'll open them the windo therefore, and this moment let the fly.

I think you won't in that caſe amiſs, return'd the father. You w ſpread new pleaſure thro' the countr when theſe little priſoners once aga

behold their friends, and fly in raptures toward them; juſt as you Clarinda ruſh into my arms, when after having been a little abſent, I come home.

He had not ended, when the window was puſh'd up: the birds perceiv'd it, and in half a minute, not a ſingle one was left in the apartment. Some among them ſkimm'd along the ground, while others mounted up into the air: ſome went and perch'd upon the neighbouring trees, while others flutter'd to and fro, before the window, with a ſong of joy.

Clarinda, every day, went out to take her uſual walk. On every ſide, ſhe ſaw and heard a multitude of birds. At one time, 'twas a lark that ſud-

denly ſprung up before her, and pour'd out his morning ſerenade, while mounting; at another time, a thruſh that warbled his, while perch'd upon the topmoſt branches of a tree. And when Clarinda notic'd one among them, that excell'd the reſt in melody: "Ah, ah! the little maid would inſtantly cry out; there's one of my late boarders! by his voice, one may diſcover he was fed extremely well laſt winter."

THE

BENEVOLENT PHYSICIAN.

A needy labourer, in the fields, call'd Heath, had ſix ſmall children, and was very much embaraſs'd to ſupport them. To increaſe his miſery, the year was quite unfruitful, and the price of bread exceedingly advanced. He laboured night and day; but notwithſtanding all his induſtry, he found it utterly impoſſible to feed his chil-

dren with the coarſeſt bread that could be got. This griev'd him very much, and therefore in the end, he call'd his little family together, and with tears addreſs'd them to the following purport: My dear children, he began, the price of bread is got ſo high, that all my labour will not earn you a ſufficiency of even that to eat. I've work'd, for inſtance, all this very day extremely hard to get this loaf at preſent in my hand. You muſt be therefore content, to ſhare with me, the little I have made a ſhift to earn. There is not certainly enough to ſatisfy you, but at worſt, you will not die with hunger. Having ſaid thus much, he could not utter more. He lifted up his eyes to heaven, and wept moſt lament-

bly: His poor children, at the ſight
cept too, and every one ſaid in a
hiſper to himſelf: May God make
aſte to our aſſiſtance, miſerable infants
we are! relieve our father, and not
t us die for want!

Poor Heath, by this time, had
ade diſtribution of the loaf into as
any equal pieces, as himſelf and chil-
en were in number, and delivered
ery one a piece: but Tom, the
deſt, would not take his ſhare,
d ſaid I'm very ill. I cannot eat
preſent, father: take my portion for
urſelf, or elſe divide it with the reſt.
hat ails you, my poor child? ſaid
eath, and took him up affectionately
his arms. I'm ſick at heart, re-

plied the little boy. Yes, father, ver
ſick, and wiſh I were in bed.

His father carried him up ſtair
and early in the morning, with
heart of ſorrow, came to town fro
Pancras, where he liv'd, that h
might aſk a doctor, in the city, wh
he ought to give him.

Now this doctor, as it happen'
was a very charitable man, who n
content with giving his advice, a
even phyſic, gratis; promiſed in th
inſtance, he would come and ſee po
Tom. He kept his word, approach
the little boy a-bed, examin'd ca
fully his pulſe, and, in the language
the people commonly call'd Quake
aſked him many queſtions; to
which, the little boy made anſwer,

to convince the doctor he had no complaint of body, but was only very weak and languid: So to comfort thee, my little friend, said the Physician, thee shalt have some physic in the afternoon. I'll send it, and be sure thee tak'st it.

Pray, Sir, answer'd Tom, (who had already heard how dear Apothecary's stuff was, and suppos'd his father would be forced to pay for what he was to have;) don't send me any thing. I could not take it, if you should.

The PHYSICIAN.

Thee could'st not take it! and why not?

TOM.

I can't, Sir, tell you.

The PHYSICIAN.

And what hinders thee? I've hardly talk'd a minute with thee, and begin to fancy thee'rt a very obſtinate young boy.

TOM.

No, no, Sir: 'tis not out of obſtinacy I aſſure you, I refuſe to anſwer.

The PHYSICIAN.

Be it ſo. For my part I won't force thee; but I'll aſk thy father, who will ſurely ſatisfy me.

TOM.

Oh, dear Sir! don't ſpeak about it to my father.

The PHYSICIAN.

Why thee talk'ſt, I don't know how. But I muſt abſolutely have a little con-

verſation

erſation with him, ſince thee will not
ell me what's the matter with thee.

TOM.

I beſeech you, my good Sir.—Or
you *will* inform my father, I had
ther tell you every thing myſelf:
t firſt pray order all my brothers and
y ſiſters out: I don't wiſh they
ould know what ails me.

Upon this, the doctor bade the
ildren leave the room a little, and
en Tom went on:

Alas, Sir! ſince the times have been
hard, my father by his daily labour
rce can get enough to buy us
ead. He told me yeſterday as
ch, and then diſtributed a loaf
ong us he had brought in with him

from the baker's. We had each, Sir, but a little ſhare; and he refus'd to take a greater ſhare himſelf, than any one of us. This gave me pain; and I was griev'd beſides, to ſee my brothers and my ſiſters hungry, and not have enough to eat. I am the eldeſt, ſo I choſe to go without, that they might have my ſhare. On that account Sir, I pretended I was ill; but pray, don't tell my father any thing of this.

The doctor wip'd his eyes, and ſaid, But thee, my little friend, I fancy thee art ſtill as hungry as thee was laſt night?

TOM.

Oh yes: much more ſo: but the

does not give me half the uneaſineſs of ſeeing them in want.

The PHYSICIAN.

But ſtill remember, thee muſt very ſhortly die with hunger, if thee can'ſt not come at any thing to eat.

TOM.

I know it, and am very glad I muſt; becauſe my father will have then one ſtomach leſs to feed: and when I go to God, I'll beg he'd ſend him victuals for my brothers and my ſiſters.

The benevolent phyſician, in a tranſport of affection and aſtoniſhment, gave ear, while this good child was ſpeaking. After he had ended, he embrac'd him, ſaying: No, my poor dear boy, thee ſhalt not die; for

God, who is the father in particular of all good children, will take care of thee and every one belonging to thee. Give him thanks that he induc'd me to come hither. I'll be back again immediately. He hasted in his carriage home for victuals, and return'd to Tom. He made the father and his famish'd children all sit down, and eat till they were satisfied: and 'twas a joyful sight for this respectable physician, to remark the pleasure and surprize of Heath and his six little innocents.

At his departure, with a smile he bade them be of comfort; saying he would make provision for their wants; and every day, took care to send them a sufficiency of food, whi

other charitable people, when they heard the ſtory, imitated his beneficence. Some ſent them clothes, and others money, ſo that in a little time, this miſerable, and, till now, deſpairing family, had more a great deal than they wanted.

But to crown the whole, Heath's landlord, when he heard what Tom had done, admiring ſo much generoſity in ſuch a little child, immediately diſpatch'd a ſervant for the father, and addreſs'd him, when he came, as follows: Providence has bleſs'd you with a very valuable child, and I will be his father too. I give up all the money you already owe me, and in future, promiſe you ſhall live rent-

free. Your girls ſhall all be taught at my expence, and, when of age, put out to ſuch profeſſions as they like. And, as for Tom, together with his brothers, I will uſe whatever intereſt I have, to get them into one or other of the public ſchools, in which, if they are only wiſe enough to profit by the opportunity, they will be qualified to get, at leaſt, a comfortable livelihood when men.

The happy Heath went home almoſt beſide himſelf with joy; and, falling on his knees thank'd Providence for having given him ſuch a worthy child.

A SUBJECT FOR THE *GREATEST PAINTER.*

LADY M———, as much diſtinguiſh'd for the graces of her underſtanding as the delicacy of her ſentiments, one day reproved her eldeſt daughter Julia, for a fault, extremely pardonable at her tender age: And Julia deeply touch'd with her mama's affection, which was even viſible in the reproof, ſat down and wept with for-

row. Caroline, then three years old, no ſooner ſaw her ſiſter cry, but up ſhe climb'd into the chair; with one hand took her handkerchief, to wipe away the tears from Julia's eyes, and with the other, popp'd into her mouth a piece of barley-ſugar from her own. Might not this action have afforded matter for a picture, ſuch as would not in the leaſt diſcredit any painter's talents?

THE LITTLE FIDDLER.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. WALLER.

CHARLES, *his ſon.*

OLIVIA, *his daughter.*

PERCIVAL, *his nephew.*

HORTENSIA St. LEGER, *a friend of Olivia's.*

GRACE, *her ſiſter.*

JENKINS, *the little Fiddler.*

The ſcene is in a room at Mr. Waller's.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER.

SCENE I.

CHARLES, PERCIVAL.

CHARLES.

MY dear good Percival, I have a favour to requeſt.

PERCIVAL.

What is it, couſin? You are always aſking ſomething or another.

CHARLES.

That's becauſe you're ſo much cleverer than myſelf. You know, the tutor has enjoin'd me to tranſlate a fable out of Phædrus, for my exerciſe to-morrow.

PERCIVAL.

Well: and haven't you yet done it?

CHARLES.

No: how ſhould I, when I've not yet ſet about it?

PERCIVAL.

Yet I think you've had ſufficient time from twelve o'clock till now; three hours at leaſt.

CHARLES.

Conſider: could I do it? It was hardly ſet me, when I found myſelf

oblig'd to take a turn or two about the garden, or I ſhould not have had any appetite for dinner. We ſat down at one, and did not riſe 'till two, and then to go and ſtudy juſt on dining, that, you know, the apothecary tells Papa is very bad. And ſo, as I had eaten very heartily, I wanted the remaining hour at leaſt for exerciſe.

PERCIVAL.

Well now then, you have had this exerciſe, there's time enough ere night to do it.

CHARLES.

What then! you forget my writing-maſter comes about this time.

PERCIVAL.

But ſince he is not come?

CHARLES.

I'm waiting for him. I do every thing amiſs if I purſue one ſtudy at the time deſigned for any other.

PERCIVAL.

Well then, after you have wrote, you'll have what's ſtill remaining of the afternoon, and all the evening.

CHARLES.

Not a minute: for my ſiſter is to have a viſit from the Miſs St. Legers.

PERCIVAL.

Do they come to viſit you then?

CHARLES.

No: but I muſt ſurely help Olivia to divert them.

PERCIVAL.

What then hinders you from ſtudying when they're gone?

CHARLES.

Oh yes! to work my eyes out by a nasty candle! notwithstanding which, I must have my translation ready by to-morrow morning.

PERCIVAL.

Be it so, or not; what's that to me?

CHARLES.

You wish to see me reprimanded by the tutor and Papa then?

PERCIVAL.

That's the way you always get the better of me. Where's this fable?

CHARLES.

In my chamber. I'll go fetch it: Or, on second thoughts, come you up with me.

PERCIVAL.

Go you firſt. I'll follow you this inſtant; for I ſee your ſiſter coming, and I think ſhe wants to ſpeak with me.

CHARLES.

But hark ye,—not a word of this to her.—You underſtand me.

OLIVIA *(entering as Charles goes out.)*

Well dear Couſin, what have Charles and you been talking of? Has he been playing you ſome trick?

PERCIVAL.

No, no: not playing me a trick, Olivia but as uſual, aſking me a favour. He deſires, in ſhort, I'd write him out his leſſon for to-morrow.

OLIVIA.

Is my father never to be made acquainted with his idleneſs?

PERCIVAL.

He never ſhall be made acquainted of it by my means. You know, that ever ſince my aunt's deceaſe, his health is ſo unſettled, that the leaſt emotion puts him out of order for a fortnight. And beſides, I live by his benevolence. It would not then be wiſe in me, to prejudice my couſin in his favour.

OLIVIA.

Well then, I will take that office on me, when an opportunity preſents itſelf.—But can you gueſs, on

what account I wiſh'd to have a word with you? The Miſs St. Legers will be here this afternoon to ſee me, and we want your company, to have the greater pleaſure.

PERCIVAL.

O! I'll do my beſt to pleaſe you.

OLIVIA.

Here they are themſelves.

SCENE II.

PERCIVAL, OLIVIA, HORTENSIA, GRACE.

OLIVIA.

I Am very glad to ſee you my good friends!

(they ſalute each other; and the Miſs St. Legers curtſy to Percival, who returns the compliment.)

HORTENSIA.

My dear Olivia, 'tis a twelve-month ſince we ſaw you laſt.

GRACE.

Not quite ſo long, Hortenſia; but however, long enough.

OLIVIA.

You're in the right, Miſs Grace: 'tis upwards of three weeks, I verily believe.

HORTENSIA *(to Percival, who gives them chairs.)*

Pray Mr. Percival, don't take ſuch trouble upon our account.

PERCIVAL.

'Tis my duty, Miss; and then I do it with a deal of pleasure.

OLIVIA.

O! I'm sure of that. *(giving Percival her hand.)* I wish my brother had a grain of his politeness.

CHARLES *(entering and without noticing the Ladies.)*

Mighty fine, I vow, good Cousin, this! to let me wait up stairs, while you are playing the gallant!

PERCIVAL.

I thought I should have been the last to have your compliments.

CHARLES.

Oh, don't be angry, ladies; I'll be with you in a minute.

GRACE.

Maſter Charles don't let us hurry you.

CHARLES *(taking Percival aſide; and while the ladies talk to one another, pulling out a piece of paper from his pocket.)*

Here's part of the tranſlation: I've juſt done it.

PERCIVAL.

What, three lines! you ought to be aſham'd!

CHARLES.

Hiſt! hiſt!

PERCIVAL.

Well.—Ladies, give me leave a little. I have very urgent buſineſs;

but in half a dozen minutes, I'll be back again.

HORTENSIA.

We ſhall expect you with impatience.

OLIVIA.

You hear that! ſo pray make haſte; but Couſin, as you paſs the kitchen door, bid Molly bring us in the tea.

CHARLES *(after Percival is gone.)*

So! here's my place. *(throwing himſelf into an arm-chair.)*

OLIVIA.

Methinks, you ſhould have firſt aſk'd leave.

CHARLES.

Of you perhaps?

OLIVIA.

You ſee, I'm not the only perſon here.

HORTENSIA.

I ſee your brother reckons us as nothing.

GRACE.

Or perhaps he thinks he honours us exceedingly by giving us his company.

CHARLES.

I know you can do very well without my company, but I, for my part, cannot eaſily deprive myſelf of yours.

OLIVIA.

Well! here's at leaſt the ſhadow of a compliment. 'Tis true, our company muſt certainly be good for ſomething, as the tea is coming in.

CHARLES.

Your company, my dear ſweet

ſiſter, I muſt own wants always ſomething elſe to make it welcome. So you need not think I came down ſtairs for you.

OLIVIA.

Oh no: I've not ſo great a notion of my merit, I aſſure you: if I'm vain of any thing, 'tis this, that I am ſiſter to ſo courteous a young gentleman!

(Molly brings the tea in.)

CHARLES.

That's right, I'll pour it out.

OLIVIA.

No, no: leave that to me. You'd be a little awkward I'm afraid. However, if you wiſh to ſhow how uſeful you can be, you'll hand the diſhes when I've fill'd them.

HORTENSIA.

Oh, my love, not ſo much ſugar quite for me.

OLIVIA.

Here ſweeten it yourſelf, my dear. *(preſenting the ſugar-baſon; which Charles lays hold of.)* Fie brother! you have got already three great bits.

CHARLES.

But they're too little. I am fond of tea like ſyrup. *(he takes ſeveral lumps, one after another, till his ſiſter gets the baſon from him.)*

OLIVIA.

I'm aſham'd of your behaviour, Charles: you won't leave us a morſel!

CHARLES.

Juſt as if you could not come at more!

OLIVIA.

My brother, ladies, you may ſee, would bluſh to ſave his ſiſter any trouble.

CHARLES.

No: that's not the caſe; but if you went into the cloſet, you would leave me with theſe ladies then alone.

HORTENSIA.

There's for you! Now Olivia! who'll pretend to ſay your brother's not exceedingly gallant?

OLIVIA. (*after having got together all the cups and fill'd them once again.*)

Charles, give Miſs Grace this cup.

(*He takes the cup, and lets it fall upon her ſlip: they all get up.*)

OLIVIA.

There's to ſhow you, how gallant he
! (*whiſpering Charles.*) I'd lay a
ger now, you did it for the pur-
ſe.

GRACE.

Oh dear me! what ſhall I do! and
at will ma' ſay to me!

HORTENSIA.

She has had the ſlip on only twice.
glaſs of water! quick!

OLIVIA.

No, no. I've heard 'tis better far
rub it with a piece of cloth. See
e's a handkerchief quite clean.
Hortenſia holds the ſlip out, and Olivia
rubs it: as for Charles, he's all the
while employed in drinking at his lei-
ſure.)

HORTENSIA.

There, there, 'tis almoſt out; an we muſt let it dry.

GRACE.

As luck will have it, I obſerve th fold will greatly hide it.

CHARLES (*aſide.*)

Will it?—I am very ſorry.

OLIVIA.

Look, Hortenſia: I believe 'tw ſcarce appear.

HORTENSIA.

If I had not before-hand ſeen it—

GRACE (*interrupting Hortenſia.*)

Well, but Mr. Charles, anoth time I'll willingly excuſe your wa ing on me.

OLIVIA.

Let us take our ſeats again. (

ceeds to pour out the tea; but finds e pot empty. She looks angrily at harles.)

Is't poſſible! would you believe it, dies? while his awkwardneſs occa- ned us ſo much uneaſineſs and trou- e, he has drunk up all the tea.—I'll d the maid bring more.—Stay, ſtay, ittle.

HORTENSIA.

Not another drop for me. I've d enough.

GRACE.

And I as well. The damage don e y ſlip has quench'd my thirſt.

CHARLES (*bantering them.*)

But ladies, pray don't deny your- ves a pleaſure. We can ſoon have ore,

GRACE.

Indeed, my dear Olivia, I muſt ſa
you ſhould have known what gue
you were to have.

OLIVIA.

But thoſe that are not aſk'd, ſhou
wait, at leaſt, I fancy, till their t
comes round.

HORTENSIA.

Don't ſpeak another word about
Neither I, nor yet my ſiſter, now
ſorry for it.

OLIVIA.

You're extremely good, I'm ſu
but come, at what ſhall we amuſe o
ſelves? Ah, here's our good fri
Percival. He'll think of ſome div
ſion for us.

CHARLES *(mimicking his ſiſter.)*

Our good friend Percival!—Soho! —But ladies, I muſt have a little converſation with your good friend Percival before you. (*he goes up to Percival immediately after he comes in*) Well: and have you done it?

PERCIVAL.

Yes: there take it, and confeſs your indolence. — Well, ladies, have you fix'd on your amuſement for the evening?

HORTENSIA.

No. We wanted you to do it for us.

PERCIVAL.

I have got below a little fiddler, at your ſervice. With your leave, I'll call him up to ſing us half a dozen

ſongs; or play, if you prefer a dance.

OLIVIA.

A little fiddler! That's well ſaid; where is he?

GRACE.

We muſt own you're clever in procuring pleaſure for your company.

PERCIVAL.

What's beſt of all, we ſhall diver ourſelves, and do an act of charity in the bargain. The poor little boy h nothing in the world except his viol to live by.

CHARLES.

And pray who's to pay him, M Percival? You take upon you li an Emperor, and yet you have not g a penny of your own!

OLIVI

OLIVIA.

O fie upon you!

PERCIVAL.

Let him tell me what he pleaſes. That don't hurt me in the leaſt. I'm not aſham'd of being poor: in that, I'm like my little fiddler, who is notwithſtanding a brave boy. I have agreed to give him, when he goes, a ſhilling. I have juſt that money in my pocket; and for that he promiſes to ſtay as long as we think proper.

HORTENSIA.

We'll all join to pay him.

GRACE.

That we will. I'll be my ſhare with all my heart.

PERCIVAL.

Well, well; of that hereafter. Shall I bring him up? he's waiting in the paſſage.

OLIVIA.

Introduce him couſin, doubtleſs.

(Percival goes out, and at the ſame time, Molly enters with a piece of cake. Charles thinks to get poſſeſſion of the plate from Molly, but Olivia hinders him.

CHARLES.

Let me; let me. I'll divide it into ſhares.

OLIVIA.

I'll ſave you all that trouble. You might do it elſe ſo much in favour of yourſelf, that we ſhould hardly have

more cake than tea. *(She divides and hands it round.)*

CHARLES (*after having taken his portion.*)

And who's this laſt piece for?

OLIVIA.

Is couſin then to have none?

HORTENSIA.

I had rather give him mine, than he ſhould go without.

GRACE.

And I, mine alſo.

CHARLES (*forcing a ſmile.*)

O he's mighty happy!

OLIVIA.

Is there nothing then of couſin's at his cake, you find it worth your while to envy?

SCENE III.

OLIVIA, HORTENSIA, GRACE, CHARLES. PERCIVAL (*bringing in the little Fiddler*,) JENKINS.

PERCIVAL.

LADIES, I've the honour to preſent you here my little artiſt.

HORTENSIA and GRACE.

Very ſmart and clever!

OLIVIA.

Where, my little fellow, were you born?

JENKINS.

A great way off, young lady; down in Wales.

HORTENSIA.

And why then are you come ſo far

JENKINS.

Becauſe my father's very poor and blind, and cannot get his bread. We travel therefore through the country, and I play upon the fiddle to ſupport him.

OLIVIA.

Come then, let us ſee what ſkill you have.

JENKINS.

With all my heart, young lady: but my ſkill's not great; and ſo you'll ſay too, when you hear me.

PERCIVAL.

If you'll play as well as you are able, that will pleaſe *me* well enough; and as for theſe young ladies, they, I'm ſure, will have the goodneſs to excuſe

you, should you happen to be out of tune.

(*Jenkins tunes his fiddle. And Hortensia at the same time takes up the remaining bit of cake, and gives it Percival, who takes the plate and holds it in his hand, but does not touch the cake, while listning to young Jenkins. Jenkins now begins to play and sings the following*)

SONG.

I.

Of a poor little boy, pray you pity the lot,
Who to feed both himself and a father has got;
Having nothing to live on, except the relief
He obtains from 'good folks, when inform'd of his grief.

II.

Oh pity their fortune; and out of your
ſtore
Some ſmall aid afford them, who un-
willing implore:
In labour, the father's ſad years have
all run;
And for labour, the child is, as yet,
far too young.

III.

Have compaſſion my friends, when you
think of their fate,
And pity the father and child's
wretched ſtate;
For the whole, upon which their ſore
hunger is fed,
Is now and then only a morſel of
bread.

PERCIVAL *(holding Jenkins out his hand.)*

My little child then, are you very poor?

JENKINS.

Yes, very poor, Sir: but as long as I can play upon my little fiddle, I ſhan't want: if we are ſick, God then takes care of us; but ſhould we die, we ſhall want nothing but a little earth, and that we can have any where.

PERCIVAL.

But poſſibly, my little boy, you're hungry? here's my cake.

JENKINS.

No; eat your cake yourſelf, my fine young gentleman. A little bit of bread is all I am in want of.

PERCIVAL.

Take my cake, I ſay. I can eat bread as well as you.

JENKINS.

Well then, I thank you; but won't eat it now. My father will be glad to have a bit: he's not accuſtom'd to ſuch dainties.

OLIVIA.

Here's my part then for him.

HORTENSIA.

And mine too.

GRACE.

And mine.

JENKINS.

No, no; my little ladies, keep your cake yourſelves. One piece is full enough for me; and 'tis not ſuch

nice things as theſe will fill poor people's bellies.

CHARLES *(jeeringly.)*

Fegs! he's in the right. Plumb-cake would ſpoil for ever his fine voice.

OLIVIA *(to Charles.)*

There's no one aſks your ſhare.

CHARLES.

No: that I munch'd a quarter of an hour ago.

PERCIVAL *(to Jenkins.)*

Well, little friend, before you play, have you a mind to taſte your cake?

JENKINS.

Not yet, Sir: ſince you make me have it, let me wrap it up at preſent in my handkerchief, that I may take it with me when I've done.

OLIVIA.

Wait wait, a little. I'll provide you with a bit of cloth for that. So all you have to do at preſent, is to put it in the window.

JENKINS.

Yes, my charming lady. I came here to play upon the fiddle, and not eat.

GRACE.

I ſhould be glad to dance a minuet with Mr. Percival: pray, can you play a minuet, little boy?

JENKINS.

Yes, any thing you pleaſe: a minuet, cotillion, or a country dance.

GRACE.

Let's have the minuet firſt.

(*Percival takes hold of Grace's hand as if to dance.*)

HORTENSIA.

But why not dance a double minuet! Maſter Charles, what ſay you to a double minuet?

CHARLES.

Oh you muſt excuſe me, Miſs: I don't know how to dance.

OLIVIA.

And yet he has been taught theſe two years.

CHARLES.

Have I?—But I'm not at preſent in a capering humour.

HORTENSIA (*curtſeying.*)

So it ſeems then, I'm refus'd?

OLIVIA.

Pray couſin, let me have your ha

a little. Now my dear (*to Hortenſia*) I'll be your beau.

GRACE.

And what, if we ſhould have a double minuet?

PERCIVAL.

Miſs, I'm at your ſervice.

(*They dance a double minuet; after which, Hortenſia comes to Percival*)

HORTENSIA.

Now I'll dance with you too, Mr. Percival.

PERCIVAL.

I ſhall be happy Miſs to have that honour.

OLIVIA.

So it ſeems, I muſt not hope to have my couſin for a partner: but

its fit I ſhould reſign him to amuſe the better my good friends.

(*They dance again; while Charles employs the opportunity; draws near the window, ſteals the little Fiddler's cake, and quits the room unnoticed.*)

OLIVIA. (*to Percival who wipes his forehead.*)

Oh! Oh! You're tir'd, I fancy! Well, it muſt be granted we can hold out longer than the men.

PERCIVAL.

The reaſon is, you're nimbler.

GRACE (*to Percival.*)

If you, couſin had but been as complaiſant as you are; we ſhould then have made you quite give up; for one of us, in that caſe, could have reſted, while the other two kept dancing.

(They look about the room for Charles.)

HORTENSIA.

But where is he? He is gone. So much the better.

JENKINS.

Shall I play another tune?

PERCIVAL.

No, no: we've had enough; unleſs you ladies would have more. I fancy the poor little boy will not be ſorry to go ſomewhere elſe and get a penny.—I have told you the amount already of my little ſtock, and Charles has got away without his contribution.

HORTENSIA.

We'll contribute, both of us, to pay the muſic.

GRACE.

Yes; that's underſtood: (*draws*

out her purſe.) So here's my ſixpence.

HORTENSIA.

See, Couſin, here's a ſhilling: keep your money: this will be ſufficient for us both.

PERCIVAL.

No, couſin, I ſhould be the firſt to pay; ſo keep *your* money *(he collects the whole, and gives it Jenkins.)*

JENKINS.

I can never take all this. You promis'd me a ſhilling only.

PERCIVAL.

Take it all, my little friend, it gives us pleaſure we can do you any good.

JENKINS.

May Heaven reward your genero-

ſity. And now (*to Olivia*) my good young lady, may I ask you for the piece of cloth you promis'd me to put my cake in?

OLIVIA.

I had quite forgot it. (*She runs to a pair of drawers, and gets a handkerchief.*) Look ye, 'tis a little worn, but will do very well for ſuch a purpoſe.

JENKINS.

'Tis indeed too good. I dare not take it.

OLIVIA.

Pooh! I never ſhould have worn it any longer.

JENKINS.

You are ſure of that? In ſuch caſe

then, I thank your kindneſs. (*he goes to get the cake.*)

OLIVIA.

Give it me. I'll wrap it up myſelf.

JENKINS (*not finding the cake.*)

Dear me, 'tis gone!

OLIVIA.

Well: here's another trick of Charles's: he has ſtole the cake.

JENKINS.

No matter, don't be vex'd, my generous little lady. I am only ſorry, as I meant it for my father.

PERCIVAL.

Were not Charles your brother's couſin, I would make him ſmart a little for his gluttony. But Jenkins's poor father muſt not ſuffer for my couſin's

fault. My dear Olivia, would you lend me ſixpence out of what you meant to give him for us both?

OLIVIA.

No, couſin, I'll have all the merit of the action. (*to Jenkins*) Let me ſee your money. Here's the ſhilling; and I'll take this ſixpence, ſo that you have ſixpence now to buy your father ſuch another piece of cake.

HORTENSIA (*feeling in her pocket*)

Take theſe half-pence.

GRACE.

And theſe too.

JENKINS.

My good young ladies, 'tis too much, too much.

PERCIVAL *(taking Jenkins by the hand.)*

My little friend, I'm ſorry I have nothing left to give you: but like you, I am an orphan, and depend upon the bounty of another.

JENKINS.

I could wiſh you had not brought me here, unleſs you'll take back all your money, but the ſhilling I agreed for.

PERCIVAL.

Don't concern yourſelf on my account.—Farewell.—Go elſe where, and be always happy.

JENKINS *(to Olivia.)*

Here's your handkerchief, young lady.

OLIVIA.

No; 'tis yours, if you've occasion for it.

JENKINS.

Heaven preserve you all! and make you ten times prettier even than you are!

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA, HORTENSIA, GRACE, PERCIVAL.

OLIVIA.

COULD you imagine any thing so shameful as my brother's conduct!

HORTENSIA.

O were I his ſiſter, I ſhould puniſh him, I warrant you, for playing me ſuch tricks!

GRACE.

I'm mortified to think how he has diſappointed us in all the pleaſure we deſign'd to give poor Jenkins.

HORTENSIA.

However, he is no great loſer by the bargain, as it happens, having been ſo well repaid for Charles's knavery.

PERCIVAL.

He has been well repaid indeed, thanks ladies to your generoſity; but that by no means juſtifies the robbery; and Jenkins might have had the one, and not have loſt the other.

OLIVIA.

'Tis however you, my little couſin, are the greateſt ſufferer. You have loſt your portion, that my good-for-nothing brother might devour it. (*they hear a knocking at the door, and Jenkins enters.*)

PERCIVAL.

What our little violin come back again? Now what's the matter?

JENKINS (*weeping.*)

O dear me! Help! Help! I'm ruin'd!

OLIVIA.

What has happen'd?

JENKINS.

All my little riches,—every thing I had to keep my father and myſelf,—

look, look,—my little fiddle,—broke to bits!—Your handkerchief, young lady, and the money in it,—every thing is taken from me!

PERCIVAL.

Who has broke your fiddle? who has robb'd you of your money?

JENKINS.

He that took the cake.

OLIVIA.

My brother?—Is it poſſible!

PERCIVAL.

What Charles?

HORTENSIA.

Incredible!

GRACE.

You muſt miſtake, my little man.

JENKINS.

No, no, I'm ſure 'twas he. I had

not gone above ten ſteps when up he came, and aſk'd if you had paid me for my trouble; otherwiſe himſelf, he ſaid, would give me ſomething. Yes, yes, I replied, and nobly too, my good young gentleman. How nobly? were his words; and where could they have got the money? Let me ſee how much they gave you. Yes ſays I, ſir, blockhead as I was! I ſhould have thought upon the cake, but *that* I had forgot. I was quite glad, I had ſo great a treaſure for my father: and beſides, I had not counted what you gave me, and long'd much to know the ſum. So down I laid my fiddle on the pavement. You ſhall ſee, ſaid I, how much the worthy little

gentle folks have join'd to give me, more than I was promiſed. I had put the whole into my handkerchief, and was untying it, when ſuddenly he ſprung upon me. I perceiv'd his meaning, ſo we tugg'd together at the handkerchief, till ſeeing where my fiddle lay, he ſtamp'd upon it with both feet. On that, to ſave my fiddle, I let go the handkerchief, and money: but too late, to ſnatch it up; nor could I afterwards regain the handkerchief, which he was quickly off with; for 'twas *that* he wiſh'd to have.—My violin and bow, are ſmaſhed to pieces, and I've loſt the money. —Oh my poor dear father! what are we to do in future?

OLIVIA.

Why indeed I know not,—I have nothing left. Oh couſin!

HORTENSIA (*to Jenkins.*)

Here's a few more half-pence, they are all I've got.

JENKINS.

My pretty lady, you are very good. I thank you; but they will not do to purchaſe me another fiddle—Oh my poor dear father!—He had had it fifteen years!

GRACE.

Take this beſides: I have not got another farthing.

OLIVIA, (*running to her drawers.*)

Here's my thimble too: 'tis gold. Go, run and ſell it, little friend;

I have an ivory one will ſerve me full as well.

PERCIVAL.

No keep your thimble, Couſin. I have thought of ſomething that will make him full amends. (*he ſtoops, and takes his buckles out.*) Here, take theſe ſilver buckles. I have pinchbeck ones up ſtairs. They'll fetch you half a-guinea, or a dozen ſhillings. Take them, they're my own. They were a preſent to me, on my birth-day.

JENKINS (*heſitating to accept the thimble and buckles.*)

No, I won't have any thing to do with ſuch fine things. My father would imagine I had ſtole them.

OLIVIA.

Take at leaſt my thimble.

PERCIVAL.

And my buckles alſo.—Take them, or you'll put me in a paſſion.

JENKINS.

Oh dear me! and muſt I then deprive you of your ornaments?

PERCIVAL.

What ſignify ſuch ornaments? God's providence will give us back much more a great deal, than we part with; and beſides, your father, as you ſay, wants bread; while I, alas! have none to care for.

OLIVIA.

There; there. Go: Good bye, and Heaven be with you.

JENKINS.

Take at leaſt, your thimble back, young lady.

OLIVIA.

I have done entirely with it.

HORTENSIA.

Should you paſs our houſe, I'll give you ſomething. 'Tis in Chatham ſquare, near Black-fryars bridge. You need but aſk to ſee the Miſs Saint Legers.

JENKINS.

Oh, they'll never let me ſpeak with ſuch fine ladies. I can only hope, at beſt, to have a little broken victuals at the area door.

OLIVIA.

Well, well, enough. Your father grows perhaps uneaſy at your ſtay, and our's may poſſibly come back before you leave us.

JENKINS.

How? your father, Miſs? It ſeems then he's from home: and do you think, he'll come back ſoon?

OLIVIA.

Yes, yes; ſo get you gone: beſides, you might be met again by him that has already robb'd you, and be robb'd a ſecond time.

JENKINS.

But are you ſure, your father won't be angry with you?

PERCIVAL.

No; fear nothing; ſo adieu.

JENKINS.

Good-natur'd little ſouls! (*he goes out.*)

HORTENSIA.

I'm very ſorry, Mr. Percival, you

have parted with your buckles.

GRACE.

You have ſet us both a good example; but we could not imitate your kindneſs.

PERCIVAL.

The example was my Couſin's. Were it not for Charles's villainous behaviour, I ſhould certainly rejoice in having done ſo good an action.—With what pleaſure, I ſhall now behold my pinchbeck buckles!

SCENE

SCENE V.

OLIVIA, HORTENSIA, GRACE, Mr. WALLER, JENKINS.

(*The children get together, and Olivia with her couſin, looking now and then ſuſpiciouſly at Jenkins, whiſper one another*)

Mr. WALLER (*to the Miſs St. Legers.*) I Am glad to ſee you little ladies both, and thank you for the honour done my daughter. Give me leave, however, in your preſence to hear ſomething, this poor little boy, as he informs me, has to ſpeak of. He was waiting for me on the ſtair-caſe, and

he ſays he cannot leave the houſe till he has ſaid a word or two before you.—Now *(to Jenkins)* what is it you would ſay?

JENKINS *(to Olivia and Percival.)*

My pretty gentleman and lady, don't accuſe me of ingratitude; for 'tis impoſſible I ſhould have acted otherwiſe, and 'twould have been quite wrong in me to keep, what you muſt know, you forc'd upon me; When I took your gifts, I own I did not think ſo; but had hardly got down ſtairs before I chang'd my notions; and the expectations you were in (as you inform'd me) of your father's coming home, determined me, what method I ſhould take: for children

can have nothing of their own to give.

Mr. WALLER.

What ſignifies all this!

JENKINS.

I'll tell you, Sir. This little gentleman, by chance obſerv'd me paſs the door and call'd me in to entertain the ladies with my fiddle.—There was then another little Maſter in the room, extremely pretty, but a very wicked thief.

Mr. WALLER.

My ſon!

JENKINS.

Forgive me, Sir: I ſhould have us'd another word. I played as well as I was able, all the tunes I knew;

and theſe gentlefolks beſtow'd a piece of cake upon me, with a handkerchief to wrap it up in, and a deal of money: I can't tell how much: perhaps, about three ſhillings.

Mr. WALLER.

Well?

JENKINS.

Well Sir, the wicked little gentleman, firſt took away the cake I meant to give my father, who is blind:—however that's a triffle; ſince he waited for me in the ſtreet, not half-a-dozen houſes off, and when I paſs'd him with my little packet, ſtop'd me, took away my handkerchief with all the money, and not only that, but broke my fiddle quite to pieces. Look ſir! (*beginning to cry*) all my riches!

every thing I had to keep my father and myſelf with!

Mr. WALLER.

Is this true? Can Charles have done this villainy? My ſon!

HORTENSIA.

His conduct, Sir, in every thing beſides this evening, makes the accuſation likely. Aſk Olivia elſe.

Mr. WALLER.

I don't diſpute, my dear, in any manner your veracity; and as for you, my little boy, don't grieve ſo much; for I can make you full amends. But is this all?

JENKINS.

No ſir; for in my ſorrow, I return'd to tell theſe little gentlefolks the

affair. They could not make me up my loſs in money, ſo this pretty lady gave me her gold thimble, and this handſome gentleman his ſilver buckles: I acknowledge I receiv'd them, but was forc'd to do ſo; yet on ſecond thoughts I was convinced I had done wrong; and yet, I could not leave the houſe without ſome compenſation for my loſs. In this perplexity, I recollected they had ſaid you were expected home, and therefore I reſolv'd to wait till I ſhould ſee you, and return them. Here they are. But now I have no fiddle.—Oh my poor dear father!

Mr. WALLER.

What have you been telling me? And is it you, good boy, or you my

lovely children, I ſhould moſt admire? Poor little fellow! in a ſtate of poverty to be depriv'd of every thing you had! and yet, for fear of doing wrong, permit a father you ſo love to die with hunger.

JENKINS.

Am I then ſo very good, Sir in not being wicked? No, no; gain ill gotten, never proſpers. That my father has been always telling me. So if you'll only be ſo charitable as to buy me ſuch another violin, all's well. Whatever more the thimble and the buckles would have ſold for, God will make up to me.

Mr. WALLER.

Yes: he will indeed; ſince

even already Providence inſpires me with a wiſh of being ſerviceable to you. Stay with us. I'll buy you inſtantly a livery, and you ſhall wait upon our Percival.

JENKINS.

This fine young gentleman? — You don't mean ſo, Sir?—I ſhall die with joy!—But (*after a little pauſe*) no. I muſt not, neither can I, leave my father all alone. Without me, where would he get cloaths and victuals? What! ſhall I have cloaths and victuals, and he die with cold and hunger? No, no, no.

Mr. WALLER.

Good little child! and who's your father?

JENKINS.

A poor blind old man, that I ſupport by playing on my violin. 'Tis true we hardly ever can get any thing except dry bread; but God takes care to let us have enough of that, for preſent hunger: and we never make ourſelves uneaſy for the morrow: when that comes, God feeds us likewiſe then.

Mr. WALLER.

I'll take care of your father too; and if he chuſes it, will place him in an alms-houſe, where the blind and old are very kindly treated. You ſhall go and ſee him there as often as you like.

JENKINS. (*running about the chamber, mad with joy.*)

Oh, Heaven! my father! my dear father! No, 'twill make him die of joy! —I can't ſtay here a moment longer. I muſt go and bring him hither. (*he runs out.*)

Mr. WALLER.

Oh, my deareſt children, what a happy evening would not this have been to me, if ſtruck with admiration, as I am, at the idea of your generoſity, the thought of Charles's oppoſite behaviour did not poiſon my felicity! But no; it ſhould not do ſo; for God's providence, in you, dear Percival, has bleſs'd me with another ſon, and tho' you are not ſuch by nature, you deſerve the name, by being wor-

thy of me, and ſhall henceforth really be ſo.—But where can Charles be all this while? Go Percival; and bring him hither inſtantly.

(*Percival goes out.*)

OLIVIA.

We have not ſeen him near this half-hour I believe. The little Jenkins was diverting us, when he found means to take away the cake, and ſlip down ſtairs.

PERCIVAL (*returning.*)

I've learn'd he's now at the Confectioner's juſt by; and William is gone out to fetch him.

Mr. WALLER.

Then do you (*to the children.*) ſtep into this apartment. I would know, what anſwer he will have the effron-

tery to make me. When I want your preſence, I'll call out.

HORTENSIA.

I fancy we had beſt go home, Sir?

Mr. WALLER.

No, my children. I'll ſend William to requeſt your parents' leave that you may paſs the evening with us. Very likely Jenkins and his father will be alſo here. I want ſome conſolation for the wound my ſon has given me; and I know of none ſuperior to the company of ſuch good children.

OLIVIA (*liſtening at the door.*)

I believe, I hear my brother coming.

(*Mr. Waller opens the door of the adjoining chamber, and the little ones withdraw.*)

Mr. WALLER (*alone.*)

I have long been fearful with reſpect to Charles; but never could have thought he would have been ſo wicked. Poſſibly it may not be too late even yet for his amendment.—Why am I compell'd to ſuch a deſperate courſe!

SCENE *the laſt.*

Mr. WALLER, CHARLES.

CHARLES.

YOU ſent to ſpeak with me, Papa?

Mr. WALLER.

Yes. Pray whence come you? I believe you were not in your chamber?

CHARLES.

No: the tutor left me very early: Percival came down; and after ſtudying hard till ſun-ſet, I was tir'd of ſitting all alone.

Mr. WALLER.

But why not join the little company your ſiſter had invited?

CHARLES.

So I did, Papa: but they behav'd ſo rudely—

Mr. WALLER.

Rudely? You aſtoniſh me!

CHARLES.

At firſt, they call'd for tea; but would not let me have a drop, and treated me with all the ſpite they could. My couſin Percival pick'd up a little beggar in the ſtreet, and brought

him up to entertain them with his fiddle. He had cake in plenty, but I could not get a bit. They danc'd; but neither of the ladies would accept me for a partner, notwithſtanding there was but one gentleman, and they were three. What therefore could I do? I went down ſtairs; and ſtanding at the door, amus'd myſelf by taking notice of the people, as they paſs'd me.

Mr. WALLER.

Only at the door? Pray what then happen'd at a diſtance from it, to a little fiddler? I've been told you broke his violin and beat him.

CHARLES.

So I did, Papa: and if I had not had ſo good a heart, ſhould certainly

have ſent to fetch a conſtable. The whole affair is this. When he was got out of the houſe, I thought I would preſent him with a trifle for his trouble; for I knew, my couſin Percival had nothing; and a beggar would not be content with cake. On this, I took a ſhilling out, and would have given it him, when he produc'd a handkerchief to put it up in. I perceiv'd it was my ſiſter's; (only ſee the mark;) and beg'd him very civilly to let me have it. He refus'd: I took him by the collar: he reſiſted; ſo we ſtruggled, and I put my foot by accident upon his fiddle.

Mr. WALLER (*in a rage.*)

Hold your tongue! I can't endure to hear you any longer!

CHARLES (*drawing near.*)

But, my dear Papa, pray tell me why you're angry?

Mr. WALLER.

Hypocrite! Be gone this moment. Quit the room. I hate the ſight of ſuch a monſter. You, my children (*drawing near the inner chamber door*) ſhow yourſelves. (*the young ladies and Percival appear.*) I will not have to do with any one but thoſe who merit my eſteem and friendſhip. So do you avoid my ſight.—Be gone.—But no: Stay here a little.—You muſt firſt receive your ſentence. You have heard, (*to Oliver and Percival*) as I ſuppoſe, his accuſations.

OLIVIA.

Yes Papa ; but if it were not neceſ-ſary to excuſe ourſelves, would not advance a ſyllable, for fear of making you more angry with my brother.

CHARLES.

Don't believe a word ſhe'll tell you.

Mr. WALLER.

Hold your tongue ! I am convinc'd already of *your* falſity. The liar ſoon turns thief, and murderer. You've not ſcrupled to become the firſt, and may perhaps want nothing but a little courage for the laſt.—Go on, Olivia.

OLIVIA.

Firſt then ſir, he has been idle all

the afternoon; and it was Percival that wrote his taſk out for him.

Mr. WALLER.

Is that true?

PERCIVAL.

I can't deny it, ſir.

OLIVIA.

And in the next place, he threw down a diſh of tea intentionally on Miſs Grace's ſlip. Her ſiſter and myſelf were both employed in getting out the ſpot, while he, remaining at the table, drank up all the tea. We found the pot quite empty, as the ladies will acknowledge.—Now the cake—

Mr. WALLER.

Enough enough. Your wicked-

neſs is all diſcover'd: ſo be gone this moment up into your chamber, till to-morrow; when I'll ſend you off to ſchool. I'll give you time enough for your repentance, be aſſur'd, before I have you home again; and if to put you from me for a ſeaſon, will not mend your manners, there are ſchools in Yorkſhire for incorrigible boys; to one of which I'll ſend you, ſo that you will then be baniſhed from me more effectually. — Percival, bid William ſee he keeps in his apartment: and leave word below, I wiſh to ſee the tutor in my room as ſoon as he returns.

OLIVIA.

Oh ſir!

PERCIVAL.

Dear uncle!

Mr. WALLER.

Not a word in his behalf; for he that could deprive an unoffending child of what he had ſo juſtly earn'd, and break the inſtrument with which he got his bread, endeavouring afterward, by falſity and calumny to clear himſelf, deſerves not to ſubſiſt among mankind. I give God thanks that I have ſtill two children left me, ſuch as you. 'Tis you ſhall be my conſolation; and this night I will enjoy myſelf, as well as any father can, whoſe ſon is of ſo bad a diſpoſition.

End of VOL. I.

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